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TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

VIOLET VINTON, Or the Daughter's Influence—a tale of truth.

BY H. S. FALL.

VIOLET VINTON was a sweet fairy creature, and the idol of her father. She had such a mild, winning way, and would look so lovingly, with her deep earnest blue eyes into his, and lay her head so coaxingly on his breast, while her soft arms were twined affectionately around his neck; and when she spoke her voice was so low, sweet and bird-like in its tone, even the faintest whisper would thrill through his soul, and make the strong man tremble. Aye, tremble with his guilt. Reader—Violet Vinton's father—was a drunkard; but never, no, not even in his wildest moments, when his senses were bound in the demon-like spell, had he spoken unkindly or looked frowningly upon his darling Violet. None other spoke kindly to him. Enough there were to chide and shun him, to insult and reproach him. His young manhood opened brightly, and cheering hopes clustered around his heart, and pictured the future, all glorious with rainbow tints. A lawyer by profession; young, gifted, aspiring and eloquent; he bade fair to run a glorious career. He had won the hand of the reigning belle of the village, and bore from her home of luxury, from the arms of paternal and sisterly love, a young and lovely bride, the proud daughter, of Esq. Melville, the richest man in the village. But Clarence Vinton was a fashionable wine drinker; and so rapidly, and fearfully did the habit grow upon him, that he was an abandoned drunkard, long before the period of his introduction to the reader. And now his proud wife gazed coldly, nay angrily upon his shaking frame, and purple face, and his eldest daughter Agnes, inheriting all her mother's scornful nature, spurned the drunkard from her sight. True, he had squandered the property his wife had brought him, and fallen from a lofty station among the gifted and honored in the land, to the low and degraded position of the "common drunkard"—yet had that wife never tried to win him back by the power of kindness—never, with a wife's untiring love, had she told him of his error, his wrong, his guilt; but a proud cold look, and a colder tone had greeted his waywardness, and on in the path of guilt and shame, had the drunkard gone. Yet, never in the breast of man beat a nobler heart than in Vinton's—never were kindlier feelings harbored in any breast, never was

there a livelier sympathy with suffering, or a readier hand to relieve distress. He was generous to a fault; but possessing ardent affections, and a nature highly sensitive, he would not bear neglect from those he loved; and to drown the sense of wrong, he plunged deeper, and deeper into dissipation, reckless alike of disgrace and misery.

Many a time he paused in his downward career, as the sweet and gentle child of his affections, implored him with tearful eyes, and a heavy heart, to shun the tempter; but poor child—although he returned her caresses, and promised amendment, appetite and temptations were too strong for him, and each night saw the husband and father staggering to the home he should have blessed; while a frown met him on one side and on the other a mild, sweet look of beaming love, and a hot tear upon his burning brow.

Time sped on, and the dark shadows of poverty gathered thickly over the drunkard's home; a change was to be made in that home-circle, Violet, the kind and gentle Violet, was about to leave that humble cottage, to dwell in the proud mansion of a wealthy relative. They had sent and offered to provide for one of the girls; and although it was hard to break the circle that had ever gathered around that cottage hearth, to part with a loved child, yet want was staring them in the face, and with a quivering lip, the mother bade her youngest and gentlest, prepare to depart. Agnes was sixteen, and might assist materially in providing for the wants of the family, but Violet was too young to do much for her own support, and therefore, with many tears, she pressed a parting kiss upon the cheek of her mother and sister, and with a grief swollen heart, turned away from the home she loved so dearly. Her father was not by to bid her farewell; but she had sought him an hour before in the garden, where he sat in stupid grief, and with all the eloquence of love, gushing out from her young and trusting heart, begged him to leave the dark path he was pursuing, and make glad the hearts of his family and friends. He clasped her to his breast and wept like a child, as his head drooped heavily upon her shoulder.

"Do not leave me," sobbed the outcast, "I have no friend in the wide world but you, do not leave me alone;" but vain were all his pleadings. Though the sweet girl wept long and bitterly upon his breast, and pressed her rosy lips again and again, upon his high broad forehead, she was obliged to tear herself away from his embrace, and leave him overwhelmed with anguish. * * *

Four years in their rapid whirl, and varied chan-

ges, had passed away, since Violet Vinton left her parents, and now she was hourly expected, to gladden with her song and smile that almost cheerless home. Her uncle, who had adopted and treated her as his own, had died suddenly, a bankrupt; leaving Violet penniless. But she cared not for wealth, only as she might make the home of her earlier years more comfortable. She had acquired during her residence with her uncle, a thorough and excellent education, and to this she now looked cheerfully for support. It was a cloudless day in the sweet spring time, when Violet sprang from the stage coach, and with a trembling hand undid the fastning of the little gate, opening into the flower garden, in front of her mother's humble dwelling. The rose bushes were bending beneath the rich blossoms that covered them, the birds sang so sweetly all around her, the grass seemed so fresh and green beneath her feet, and the sky so blue and smiling above, that the heart of the beautiful girl throbbed with delight, as she rushed eagerly forward to the low door, and with a glad cry of joy, and the light of love in her deep blue eye, fell on her mother's neck, and gazed fondly into the face of Agnes.

"O Violet, dear Violet, how changed you are, and how beautiful you have grown," said her mother looking over her fine form, and into her radiant face, beaming with heartfelt gladness. You have grown so lovely, and look so like a gentle and high bred lady, with your little hands, so delicate and white, and this rich attire, while we are so poor; hard times dear Violet have your poor sister and I seen since you left us, and it grieves me to the heart, that you must come from your home of happiness, and luxury, to dwell with so much want and misery. A low moan broke from the crushed woman's bosom, as she hid her tear bathed face on the breast of her child, while her weak frame trembled in the close embrace of her daughter, and the proud Agnes turned away to conceal her tears.

Violet gazed for one moment upon the wasted form of her parent, with a look of deep grief, and unutterable tenderness; then bending her head till her lips almost touched the pale cheek—"Mother," she said, "my own blessed mother, shall you and my sister, struggle with poverty and want, and I gaze coldly on, enjoying the luxuries of life? Oh! why have I been so long away from you, when woe and misery have been your portion; believe me dear mother, I shall be happier to share your lot, however hard it may be, than to live in affluence, while you suffer. But we will not suf-

fer," added the noble girl, in a cheerful voice, "I have education, talents, thanks to my generous uncle, and we will live together, I will lighten your cares, and save your heart many a pang." She paused a moment, and then in a low and trembling voice continued; "I hardly dare ask, dear mother, but when, Oh! where, is my father."

When Mrs. Vinton raised her head from Violet's shoulder at her whispered question, a change had passed over her face; the proud cold look of other days was there, and in a bitter and scornful tone, she replied, "name him not, Violet Vinton, he it is, who hath wrought the ruin around us—he it is, who hath brought this misery upon us—he it is, who hath left the wife and children, he is bound to protect, to revel in haunts of dissipation, and follow the drunkard's awful course. We know him not. Our roof shelters his wretched form no longer; and would you find him, you must visit some low, vile place, and share his degradation."

Not a word did the noble hearted girl reply, but she forced back a starting tear and smothered a rising sigh, while her pale lips quivered, and a shudder shook her frame.

Two days after her return home, Violet was installed the mistress of the village school, and her heart beat lighter, as the means of assisting her mother were placed within her reach. Her kind and gentle manners and the sweetness of her disposition soon endeared her to the scholars, of whom she was not only the teacher but companion. Yet she was not happy; one thought seemed to press upon her mind, and give a sad expression to her lovely face. It was the thought of her poor, degraded, forsaken father, alone in the world, with none to love him, or speak kindly to him. Her resolution was taken, she would see him, she would persuade him to abandon his cups, to return to the paths of sobriety, and become a blessing to his family, and friends. That night the pure minded girl slept sweetly. She had left a note in the way of her father, conjuring him to meet her at a place named in the note, and in the noble faith of her young and trusting heart, she believed she could win him back to love and cherish his family—to a position of honor and respectability. One evening, the second week after her return home, just after sunset, and while a purple glow still lingered in the west, and the flowers were hanging their heads beneath the dew-drops, Violet left her mother's cottage, and walked rapidly away—for half an hour she sped onward—neither looking to the right nor the left, until she arrived upon the flower crowned bank of a murmuring streamlet. Here she paused, and throwing her bonnet upon the greensward, wiped the perspiration from her brow. She looked around; listened breathlessly—but no form met her gaze—no sound saluted her ears, save the low music of the silver stream, and the whippoorwill's lonely note.

"He will come," she said in a whisper, "he must come. He cannot have forgotten his child, for he loved me ever, and he must have got the note I left in his way. Oh! how I long to see him, he is my father, and Oh! he has a noble heart. My mother has done wrong to turn him so coldly from her, and refuse him a shelter.—Oh! my father, how hast thou fallen!"

Tears came to her relief, and bending her head upon her hands, an anguished moan struggled up

from her surcharged heart. She wept bitterly, and heavy sighs escaped her heaving bosom. A low, faint sound met her ear, and looking quickly up, her eyes fell upon the trembling, altered form of her father. He stood near, with his arms folded upon his breast, his cheeks swollen, and his eyes fixed mournfully upon her face. Not a muscle of his features moved, not a sound escaped his purple lips; but he bent upon his child a look so full of love and sadness, and his appearance was so wretched and desolate, that she forgot all—but the undying love she bore him; and with one bound, and a low joyous cry she flung herself upon his breast, and twined her white, round arms lovingly about his bending neck. She spoke to him with her silvery voice, that voice which he had so loved to hear in by-gone times, and implored him to say that he had not forgotten her. Still he spoke not, but stood marble-like, with his arms wound tightly around her graceful figure, and his eyes looking with the same sad gaze into her tearful face.

"Dear father, say that you love me still—that I am your own darling Violet—that you remember me, and I will bless you."

A mournful smile, played slowly over his features, his head drooped gradually upon her breast, and parting the neglected locks, still dark and silken, from his lofty brow, she kissed it again and again, whispering all the while, soft tones in his ear, till the fountain of his grief was open, and the spell that bound him was broken; then he wept and groaned in agony. He called her his angel child, and told her that no kind voice had met his ear since her departure; how, when his weary frame had sunk exhausted upon the ground, and a deep and death-like sleep came over him, her low voice sounded softly in his ear, and her gentle hand cooled his fevered brow. He lifted the long, soft ringlets from her forehead, and gazed into her lovely face, pressing her wildly to his breast; he spoke words of tenderness, and breathed his earnest thanks to heaven, for the love she bore him.

All at once, he released her from his embrace, and holding her at arms length from him, looked for a moment sorrowfully into her uplifted face.—"Promise me, Violet," he said at length, "that you will ever love your poor father, that what will come, he may always rely on your noble trusting heart, and always think, though all others forsake him, there is one that loves him still. That when far away from you—nay, weep not, that I speak of leaving you; would you have your father break the chains that bind him; would you have me free? Then we must part. But promise me that you will think of me; that you will ever love your father, wretched, and degraded though he is—that you will pray for me."

"I do promise," said the weeping girl, I have ever remembered you in my prayers, and shall ever love you, dear father."

"Then," said Clarence Vinton, slowly and distinctly, while his eye lighted up with something of its earlier fire—"Then Violet Vinton, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave. Last night I wept long and bitterly over the contents of your note, as its endearing entreaties met my eyes; and the thought that you had returned, that you were unchanged, that you still loved your poor deluded father, filled my soul with new feelings. All night, beneath the star gemmed sky, I wept

and prayed, and all day have thought of nothing but you and your grief—so gentle, so loving, so forgiving, and the child of a drunkard. Now Violet, I have a vow to make and a duty to perform; lay your soft hand upon my brow, as you used to in happier times, and gaze steadily into my eyes, and see if my voice falters, or my frame trembles, as I swear, by all that is sacred, by my hope of heaven, by my love of you, never, never to taste again of the deadly poison.—Oh! God!" he cried, falling on his knees, and raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "in thee is my trust. Leave me not again to walk in the paths of darkness, but quicken me by thy spirit, and aid me with the power of thy grace, to perform this, my solemn vow!"

"Bless you! dear, dear father, bless you!" said a gasping voice beside him, and with a quivering lip and a faint attempt to smile, the noble girl fell upon his breast, pale and insensible.

With returning consciousness, she found her father bending over her, and kissing away the tears that started to her eyes. It was late, and the changed man, and doating father, drew his happy child into the path that led homeward, speaking kind consoling words to her, bidding her cherish hope, and again renewing his solemn covenant.—At the gate, he folded her once more to his heart, murmuring tremulously—

"I may not enter now, dearest, when I have regained my name, and the fortune I have lost, I will fall at your mother's feet, and implore her forgiveness for my base ingratitude, then will I bless your sister, and till then, my own sweet daughter, farewell." A tear drop fell upon her cheek, a warm kiss upon her brow—and—she was alone.

Another four years glided swiftly away. There was little change in the cottage, still occupied by Mrs. Vinton, nor was the name of Clarence Vinton ever mentioned there. Mrs. Vinton and Agnes in their hearts believed him dead, but they spoke not of him. The little garden in front of the cottage, was now studded with rare and choice flowers, and a graceful rose bush clambered to the roof, nearly covering one side of the dwelling with its green leaves and bursting buds. It was a pleasant spot, and though poverty had long laid its cold hand upon it, yet were there many indications, that the hand of industry and taste were there to beautify and bless it. Violet was now twenty-two, as kind and gentle as ever, as beautiful and blooming as at eighteen. She still taught the village school, and by her own exertions, aided by the hand of her less happy, and less persevering sister, she has supported her mother who has been for three years an invalid. Violet is never so happy, as when in her school-room, ministering to the wants of her scholars, and imparting that instruction their young minds require. A happy, smiling flock, are her scholars, and there is a confidence existing between them, productive of the happiest results.

It was near the close of a warm bright summer day, when Violet, freed from the school room, was walking slowly up the winding pathway that led to the cottage. She was warbling a low sweet song, and her voice was like the notes of some glad spring bird, while her heart was light and joyous, and contentment beamed from every lineament of her countenance. The sound of an approaching carriage startled her, and looking up she beheld a

splendid equipage, drawn by a fine span of horses, turned up from the high way, and dashing gaily up to the gate, suddenly stopped. "Does Mrs. Vinton reside here?" inquired the driver. But before the astonished girl could reply, a manly head was thrust out of the coach door, and a strangely familiar face beamed upon her. He was a man of middle age, but a more noble countenance never reflected the soul's pure emotions, a more eloquent eye never looked upon the fair earth. One moment he gazed earnestly into the modest, changing features of the beautiful girl, the next with a cry of delight, he had sprang to her side, and was smothering with his kisses her joyful exclamations—"Father!" she could only say "my father! and throwing her arms around him, she tried to look through her swimming eyes into his altered countenance. And then she pulled him almost wildly up the narrow path, and through the low door into her mother's room. The sick woman sat in an easy chair, her face pale and thin, and her eye beaming with a mild light, in striking contrast with the proud glance of other days. She cast a troubled, anxious look at the tall form before her, passed her thin taper fingers over her forehead, and gazed up into the handsome face that looked so fondly down upon her; but her quivering lips could pronounce no word, there was a choking sensation in her throat, and she bent her weak head gently over upon the bosom of her once loved, but long lost husband. "I do not dream," she murmured as he pressed her to his breast, and she felt his warm breath, upon her cold brow, "but yet it cannot be true." "It is true, my own, my injured wife," said his trembling voice. "I come to offer you an honorable name, wealth, and a home within these arms, and a resting place for your weary head upon this bosom. Oh! say my own sweet wife, that you forgive me, and will love me again with the fresh young love of other days, and I will bless you with my latest breath." A flood of joyous tears, was her answer, as she nestled more closely to his breast, while a faint smile played over her pale spiritual face, and the glad husband and father, drew his weeping family, close to his side, and falling on his knees, offered his heartfelt thanks to the great Ruler of events, that he had led him from the path of sin, to fame and honor, and preserved his best beloved, through every danger, to cheer and bless his lot at last.

Reader, would you know more of Clarence Vinton?

Travel with me through that portion of the lovely valley of the Hoosick, that lies in Vermont. A little way from the road, and near the banks of the beautiful stream stands a fine gothic cottage.—There are gardens of rare flowers, stately trees with their giant trunks, and wide spread foliage, shading graveled walks, and a choice shrubbery surrounding this abode of wealth, and peace. This beautiful fairy residence is owned by one of the ablest lawyers in the state. He is commanding in eloquence, deep in intellect, and possesses a soul full of the noblest emotions that ever warmed a human heart. A wife, whose cheek denotes health, and whose eye beams with the light of happiness, presides at his board, while a most bewitchingly lovely maiden renders his home doubly gladsome. Agnes, his eldest is married, and occupies that noble-looking farm house, a little to the north. But—would you see Clarence Vin-

ton? Go with me to the capitol of the nation. Vinton is there among the representatives of the people; where his commanding talents have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and orators.—And there in the councils of the nation, we hope he will long remain, to watch the opening glories of the rising republic, and aid by his wise counsel, in guiding her in the way of prosperity, and honor.

Norfolk, Sept. 1850.

THE DANDIES REBUKED.

OR THE OLD SURTOUT.

I HAD taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which runs between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princess street, I had leisure to survey my fellow travellers.—Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which they puffed away with marvellous complacency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies.—His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it, by the gentleman in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small indeed that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eye of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard observing that the young gentleman, carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it in the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly unto the centre, guard," said one of the dandies—"Why so Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first, a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms.—The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout gently laid his hand on her arm, and dropping a half crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart.—The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off, Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At

this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of the weather inquired of the guard, if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he "and at all events it will protect the baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that, for the sake of the infant, she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer for the want of it himself. He assured her he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies in a tone of affected tenderness, "and besides my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly around, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget. "I am not naturally quarrelsome sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites turned as pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance; and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this, when a smart shower of rain mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelop and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner more to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman, politely returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over the coach, and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry. Then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbing audibly. "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he himself is in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H—."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature.

"What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust that though desolates so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Oh! yes, sir, I bless God that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the Gospel.—My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my babe's helplessness and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you, be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the carriage wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time, the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words "Methodist Parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred. When we got about half-way between that town and Glasgow we arrived at a cross road where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then along with the guard, assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," she said, as he returned her baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day."

"And may he bless you," replied he "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus."

So saying he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively; I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned round to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast toward him an eloquent and grateful look; pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in a rapid motion towards the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms across his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They had also seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under that shabby surtout than their puppy brains could easily conjecture. That in this they were right was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction.—The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet.—"What beautiful greys!" said one, "I wonder to whom they belong?" "He is a happy fellow, any how," replied the other; "I would give half of Yorkshire so call them mine." The stage-coach and the travelling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing down from behind the latter, looked first inside, and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired the young gentleman in the surtout.

All well, my lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosyllable, the faces of the exquisites became visibly elongated; but, without taking the smallest notice of them or their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning; and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despised portmantau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leader very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H——, sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest in Scotland."

"The Earl of H——?" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion; "what asses we have been! an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"O! yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crestfallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

WINTER.

To the minds of many persons, Winter presents a gloomy, a melancholy aspect. The invalid gazes from his place of cheerless confinement, and involuntarily sighs that he can no longer ramble when Vesper invites. Once he could receive the refreshing influences of Zephyr, and feel his heart beat lightly as he passed the spot sacred to Nature and to Nature's minstrelsy. For him there was a charm in the low murmur of the streamlet flowing through the green vale, or meandering along by the roots of some venerable oak of the wilderness. Beauty he discovered in the changing hues of the leaves of Autumnal trees. But it was a sad beauty; too closely resembling his own spiritual imbecility. Now, alas! the white mantle covers the verdure which so happily filled his mind with delight; and decay has trampled on the foliage which he loved to contemplate. Ah! what has he then, to encourage the drooping spirit, to invigorate the failing energies of a heart too prone to yield to the seathing touch of Despondency's cruel hand? Has he nought to console? He has.—Reason teaches thus, expediency declares it. Ay!

what? That, though the eye be not permitted to behold the entertaining scenes of the world without, though gloom unwonted everywhere meet his vision; yet there must be household objects ready to absorb his attention. Though friends and relatives may have forgotten or neglected to make those kind calls which consanguinity demands; yet if he is a man of literary taste, fond of reading, delighted with vocal or instrumental music, he may profitably occupy the hours and experience emotions scarcely inferior to those which are awakened by individual companionship.

The writer may in a future article continue the subject.

ISAAC COBB.

Gorham, Me. 1850.

BIOGRAPHY.

ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK has been a frequent contributor to the English literary periodicals for several years, and her productions have been very generally reprinted in the gazettes of this country, so that her name is nearly as familiar to American readers as those of Mrs. HEMANS and Mrs. NORTON. Her poems are of that class which is most sure to win the popular favor. They have a social character, and portray with simplicity and truth, the kindly affections. They are free, spirited, animated by a generous, joyous feeling, yet feminine, quiet, tranquilizing.

Miss COOK is now about twenty-five years of age. She resides in London. The largest collection of her writings, "Melania, and other Poems," was published by Tilt, in 1840, and has been reprinted in the present year, by Langley, of New-York, in a very elegant edition.

MISCELLANY.

THE FEMALE ASSASSIN.

AS RELATED BY PRINCE CAMBACERES ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

ABOUT the close of the government of the Directory, the keeper of a *hotel garni*, in the Rue de l'Universite, waited on the minister of police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers, whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he, went out, saying that he was going to the Odeon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight, he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been already prepared. In the morning continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day, considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants of the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door,

and carried the key away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

In about a month after, a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have above described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris.—Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in all these affairs the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely creditable, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person; all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, very pretty, little, and well-formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris besides the murderess.

Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the reins of government. Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouche on the subject. At that time the capital was filled with Fouche's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person whom he had first supposed to be a very handsome youth. He passed on; but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.

"It is she!" he exclaimed, "I have discovered her, and my fortune is made."

He turned back entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home, in the character of a young relation from the country.

"Where do you live?" she inquired.

He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.

"Oh, no; I cannot go."

"Why?"

"Because I am known there."

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had spent the twentieth part, adding,

"Well, then, if you will not go to my lodgings, where else shall we go?"

The female mentioned an hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

"Will it be safe," said she, "to leave your money all night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed? Suppose you go and bring it here."

"Ah!" thought the young man, "the veil is now raised;" and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he thanked her for her

prudent hint, and went away, under the pretext of going to fetch the money.

He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment. The murderess and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to hand her handkerchief, which she had left on a *console* behind her chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; he had no sooner swallowed it than he exclaimed, "What wretched wine!" the lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out and pronounced better.

Meanwhile the young man felt his head becoming confused, and his lips growing stiff.—With well-acted concern, the woman rose and threw her arm around his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his drooping head. At this moment, he mechanically raised his hand, and he felt the hammer in the side pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate effort he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew the little hammer from her pocket, and laid it on the floor. She then searched her victim, took his purse and deposited it in the pocket of the waistcoat she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fatal hammer was suddenly wrenched from her grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

On her first examination she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family and of irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implacable hatred against the male sex; and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there were persons weak enough to pity this unfortunate victim of betrayed affection? The sensibility of the world, especially of the great world, is often very ridiculous, and sometimes very blameable. An effort was made to screen the wretched culprit from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery, as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly society has reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished.

THOUSANDS of the rich and powerful, gain a reputation which they do not merit; thousands of the poor and weak, merit a reputation which they do not gain.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

A CONNUBIAL SKETCH.

A FEW days ago there arrived in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined quietly in the bands of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciliated, the would be bridegroom—who was a rough but apparently an honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

"Say, landlord," proposed the stranger pointing to his modest dulcinea in the corner of the parlor, this is my young ooman. Now we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and we want to be spliced. Send for a minster, will ye? Want it done up right straight off?"

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterwards a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host with one or two waggish friends were called in to witness the scene.

"Naow, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "deu it up broown, and yer money's ready," and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady-love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her by the hand, and was as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A. said the parson, to take this woman—"

"Yeas," said the Yankee, at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"Yaas."

"That you will cling to her, and her only as long as you both shall live."

"Yaas indeed—nothin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

"Yeas—yeas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister slowly, for it occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts, do not permit of this performance without the observances of a publishment, &c. for a certain length of time.

"What in thunder's the matter, mister? Doan't stop—put'er thru. Nothin's split eh? Ain't sick mister, be yer?"

"Just this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't—wot'in natur's the reason?—I like her, she likes me; wot's t' hendur?"

"You havn't been published sir, I think."

"Haint agoin to be nuther! 'at's wot we come here for. On the sly, go on, old feller."

"I really, sir—said the parson.

"Rally; Wal, go ahead! Taint fair, you see taint I swounow; you've married me, and haint teched her. Go on don't stop'ere! 'al aint jest the things naow, by grashus taint'!"

"I will consult—"

"No you want—no you don't—consults nothin' ner nobody, till this 'ere business is concluded, naow mind I tell ye!" said Jonathan resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the witnesses, who were nearly choked with merriment.

"Naow say, mister, as we ware—" continued

the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—go on rite strait from whar you left off; you can't cum nun of this half way business with this child; so put 'ere thru, and no dodging. It'll all be right—by goly!"

The parson reflected a moment and concluded to risk it, continued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey him—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him, so long as you both shall live."

"That's the talk," said John; and the lady said "yes," again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together, let no man put assunder!"

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan—"Wot's the price?"—how much?—spit it out—don't be afeared—you did it jest like a *book*, old feller! 'ere's a V, never mind the change—send for a hack land-lord—give us yer bill—I've got her! Hail Columby, happy land!" roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to the Providence depot, with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye-witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as "one of the weddings."

AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred; Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary and her Charles Stuart; Ireland her Fitzgerald; France her Man with the Iron Mask, and Maria Antoinette; Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the touching story of Aaron Burr, and his highly accomplished and beautiful daughter, Theodosia.—The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor, to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the Republic. He became Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise, and then his fall, how sudden, how complete. In consequence of his duel! with Hamilton, he became, a fugitive from justice, is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey, flies to the South, lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the chair as President of the Senate. After the term expires he goes to the West, becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico, (very few will believe that he sought a dismemberment of the Union,) is brought back a prisoner of State to Richmond, charged with high treason, is tried and acquitted, is forced to leave his native land, and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lived in reduced cir-

cumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals.

After an absence of several years he finds means to return home. He lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from home. The first news he heard was, that his grand-child had died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. She was married when young, and while her father was in the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father, as the clouds of adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by the friend's whom he formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Allston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a week in New-York. The letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grand-child, friends, all were gone, his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and welcome him back from his exile. Days passed on—then weeks—weeks were lengthened into months, yet naught was heard of Mrs. Allston. Burr grew impatient, and begun to think she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Allston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stated she had sailed from Charleston some weeks previous, in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New-York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel; why had it not arrived? These were questions which Burr could ask himself, but no one could answer. The sequel soon was told. The vessel never arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished.—No tidings have ever been heard respecting the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr; all were lost.

This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken; which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her life but added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct when years rolled on, and yet no tidings of the beloved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New-York until the year 1847, we believe, when he died. The last years of his life passed in comparative obscurity. Some few old friends, who had never deserted him, were his companions, closed his eyes in death, and followed his body to the grave, where it will lay till the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.

Such is a brief sketch of the latter part of the strange and eventful history of Aaron Burr. None of the family now live, it has become extinct; and his name but lives in the history of his country, and in the remembrances of those who knew him.

WIT.

It consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a basis of truth and applicability, otherwise it degenerates into mere flippancy; as, for instance, when Swift says:—"A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot;" or when Voltaire remarks, that "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserve that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility.

Where shall we discover, that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned; or like the seven-mouthed Nile, springs the faster from the head, the more copiously it flows from the mouth?

The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, or at least impaired, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it be connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh where it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herb; but this is the risibility of the muscles, allied to convulsion, rather than to intellectual pleasure.

You may sometimes show that you have not got your own wits about you, by thinking that other people have. When Mrs. M'Gibbon was preparing to act Jane Shore, at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders, because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply.—"What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. M'G. Has the good woman got her faculties about her?" "I think she have, Ma'am, for I see she ha' got summut tied up in a red silk handkercher."

THE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

PHILOSOPHY is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz: that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches"—coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

"We havn't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one as my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do any thing for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I've a great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support?"

"It's a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need to be—all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent, now and then, for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a bed."

"Don't you think you should be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I've done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

SAM SLICK ON LEGISLATION.

The following are extracts from the story called "Playing Cards." Slick was asked if he had ever interfered in politics when he was "to home at Slickville:"

"No, said he, not now, I was once an assembly-man, but since then I gin up politics. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, squire. There are always a plenty of chaps volunteerin' to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortins if they had any, either. No; I have given that up.—Clock-makin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day, I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about little the biggest man in Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me, I couldn't sleep for trying to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it. Save your country, says one, save it from ruin; cut down salaries. I intend to says I.—Watch the officials, says another; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public servants should be masters of the people. I quite concur with you, says I.—Reduce lawyers fees, says some; they are eating up the country like locusts. Jist so, said I.—A bounty on wheat, says the farmer, for your life. Would you tax the mechanics to enrich the agriculturists, says the manufacturer. Make a law against thistles, says one; a regulator about temperance, says another; we have a right to drink if you please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a fourth—it's the curse of the State; and so on without end. I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasing nobody. Then every man that voted for me, wanted some favor or another,

and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they were so heavy."

THE DIVORCED MAN.

It is a common accusation against the Americans, that they are the most inquisitive people in the world. The charge has some weight, but it is entirely too broad. We have an instance in an incident, not new, but none the worse for that, which occurred in Scotland.

Two gentlemen fell in together, both travelers or horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place:

"Raw evenin'g sir, rather," observed the one with an Aberdeen accent.

"Yes rather," replied the other.

"You will likely be a stranger in these parts?" continued the Aberdeener.

"If I can," laconically replied the other, looking, in the meantime, neither to the right nor the left.

"Perhaps like myself, you may be going to the Bauff?"

"Perhaps," replied the other, yawning.

"In that case, perhaps you will put up at Cul-len?"

"I may, or may not," answered his companion.

"Pardon me the liberty of the question, sir: may I ask if you are a bachelor?"

"No."

"O! married?"

"No! No!"

"Sir, I beg your pardon? I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject; your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries; I beg your pardon—sir, a widower?"

"No! no! no!"

"Neither a bachelor, a married man, nor a widower! In heaven's name, then, sir, what can you be?"

"A divorced man, and be hang'd to you, since you must know! exclaimed the stranger, clapping spurs to his horse, and dashing out of sight in an instant.

HUNTINGDON

The author of "The Bank of Faith," however strange and unauthorized may have been his doctrine, seems to have entertained most orthodox notions as to the proper purposes of a flock, and the great objects of the Spiritual Shepherd, if we may judge by the following passage. "Who, but a fool, when God has used a shepherd to call a flock together, would lead that flock from post to pillar on purpose to shear them, and give the wool to men whom I know not whence they be? Bless my God! these board-men have taught me better things. I keep my flock at home, and shear them for my own profit."

EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.

To fetter the active motion of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so under the pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may indeed be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed, and accomplished men and women.

Every feeling individual must behold with much heart-felt concern, poor, little, puny creatures of eight, ten, or twelve years of age, exhibited by the silly parents as proficient in learning or as early masters of the languages elocution, music; or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.

An Irishman on being told to grease the wagon, returned in about an hour afterwards and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks where the wheels hang on."

An Irish Judge said, when addressing a prisoner convicted of murder—"You are to be hanged, and I hope 'twill be a warning to you."

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.—"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the Dutch Justice. "Not guilty." "Den vat you do here? Go apout your piziness."

MUSQUETOES are like doctors, they never let blood without running up a bill.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

TO MAKE BLACKING.—Put one gallon of vinegar into a stone jug, and one pound of ivory black well pulverized, a half pound of loaf sugar, a half ounce of oil of vitriol, and six ounces of sweet oil, incorporate the whole by stirring. This blacking is in great repute in different countries. It is less injurious than most blackings and produces a fine polish never to be surpassed.

POULTRY.—No poultry should be kept longer than three years. The Poland topknots are considered the best for laying, and are the most hardy. They should be kept in winter where it is warm, have plenty of food and water, a box of gravel and lime to wallow in, and to pick from; some fresh meat when they cannot get insects; the scraps from tallow factories are good, and you will have no lack of fresh eggs.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

G. W. P. Pains' Hollow, \$0.50; M. P. W. South America, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Brookfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Lion, N. Y. \$2.00; H. M. M. North Haverhill, N. H. \$4.00; S. S. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; D. G. S. Pompey Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. M. D. C. Sauquoit, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Reeds Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss K. W. T. Copenhagen, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Lucius Moore, of Springfield, Mass. to Miss Phebe A. Jenkins, of Hudson, N. Y.

In this city, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. George Coles, Mr. Thomas Lake, of Greenbush, N. Y. to Miss Caroline Warren, of Valatie, N. Y.

At Greenport, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. C. Crispell, Peter J. Gardner, of Greenport to Miss Christina Gardner of Livingston.

At Groveland, Oakland Co. Michigan, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. James Webster, Mr. John Bowman to Miss Elizabeth Waters, all of Groveland.

At Epworth, England, 25th of Dec. Mr. James Smith to Miss Crackell. The above wedding verified the following, as the husband could very truly say—

My wife my father's sister is,
My sister is my mother,
My wife my father's daughter is,
My father is my brother.

At Middleburgh, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. West, Hon. Nathan T. Rosseter, of Beechwood, to Miss Sarah Ingold Dodge, of the former place.

At New-York, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. J. W. Taggart, Mr. Daniel Westervelt, to Miss Mary Adoline, daughter of Robert L. William, Esq.


DEATHS.

At Suttersville, California, on the 15th of Nov. Mr. Cyrus Smith, of Coxsackie, a Wagonmaker by trade.

At Cincinnati, on the 9th ult. Edwin C. Allen, aged 25 years and 9 months, grand son of Oliver H. Allen, of this city.

At Banecia, California, in November last, on board the ship Henry Astor, Mr. Simeon L. Coffin, formerly of this city.

At Harpersfield, Delaware Co. N. Y. on the 22d ult. Mrs. Catharine Bryan, aged 86 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
TO AN OLD OAK TREE.

Thou brave old oak, no doubt thou wert, one time a forest tree!
And had companions all around, that seemed to vie with thee,
With roots deep set and radiant boughs, the tempest they defied,
But tell me oak, where are they now? Time answers they have died.
Now here thou standest all alone; an emblem of the past,
Say dost thou cherish the vain hope that life will always last.
Thou'rt stripped of all thy verdure now, though spreading thy limbs wide,
Thy leaves once green! O! where are they, time answers they have died.
The woodman's axe has spared thy trunk, but yet I see decay
Has marked thee now, he claims thee his, to take some future day;
Then when the weary traveller asks of the oak with branches wide,
Where once he laid him down to rest, time answers it has died.
What is it thus? are all on earth to fade and pass away,
And none to tell the gloomy tale can be allowed to stay—
All things created are but dust—the earth and ocean wide,
When rolling years shall cease to move, O time thou'lt say they died. LORENZO.
Barat Ordinary, Va. 1850.

For the Rural Repository.

AN APPEAL FOR FREE POSTAGE.

BY ISAAC COBE.

DEAR uncle Sam! dear uncle Sam!
What are you doing?
Out excavating for a clam?
Or malt a brewing?
Kind uncle Sam! kind uncle Sam!
What are you doing?
On collops feasting, or on ham
Forever chewing?
I tell you what, my dear old man!
This never will answer;
If you're too weak to lead the van,
The people can, sir.
Provide us food for starving souls,
My fond old Creature;
Then every freeman 'twixt the poles,
Will deem you richer.
'Tis not by cannon, nor by sword,
That you'll excel, sir.
Ah! ne'er disturb the precious hoard,
For works of hell, sir.
Oh rather seek the weal of all
The sons of Adam;
Then foes may never Samuel call
The slave of Madame.
Oh uncle! give us POSTAGE free;
'T would warm the heart, sir;
Else we may offer you some tea,
From Boston mart, sir!
Gorham, Me. January, 1850.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

VERRE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where hope elung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying,
With nature, hope and poetry.
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,—
This body that does me grievous wrong,—

O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along!—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lake- and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide—
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't, together!
Flowers are lovely—love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh! the joys that came down, shower like,
Of friendship, love and liberty.

Ere I was old!

Ere I was old?—Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
Oh, Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be—that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a speaker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size;—
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought:—so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still!
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tear- of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old!
That only serves to make us grieve,
With oft and tedious taking leave—
Likesome poor, nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest—without the smile!

THE PRESS.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

GOD said—"Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—" 'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light!" exclaim'd
The thunderous cloud, that flamed
O'er daises white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
And, blushing, murmur'd—"Light!"
Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?
No, by the mind of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within.
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds is gone!
"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless;
O pallid Want! O Labour stark!
Behold, we bring the second ark!
The Press! the Press! the Press!

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Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1849.

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